

THE
Combat, betweene
Conscience and Couetousnesse,
in the minde of Man.

*quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames? Virgil.*



LONDON,
Printed by G. S. for Iohn Iaggard, and are to
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1598.

THE COMPASS

CONSCIENCE AND CONDUCT

IN THE IRON OF MAN



LONDON

Printed by G. S. for John Tegg, and sold
by all the booksellers in London and
elsewhere.

1858



To his W^{or}shipfull good friend,

*Maister Iohn Steuerton, of Dothill, in the
County of Salop, Esquire.*

Sith Conscience(long since) is exilde the Citty,
O let her in the Countrey, finde some Pitty:
But if she be exilde, the Countrey too,
O let her finde, some fauour yet of you.

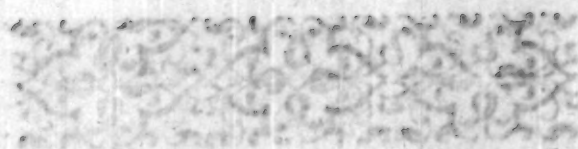




To his Worships good friend

Master Adam Smith of Dublin in the
County of Dub. Esquire.

2^d The Conscience (long since) is exiled the City
O let her in the Country, find some place
But if she be exiled, the Country too,
O let her find, some favour yet of you.





The Combat, betweene Conscience
and Couetousnesse, in the
mind of Man.

Now had the cole-blacke steedes, of pitchie Night,
(Breathing out Darknesse) banisht cheerfull Light,
And sleepe (the shaddowe of eternall rest)
My seuerall senses, wholly had possest.
When loe, there was presented to my view,
A vision strange, yet not so strange, as true.
Conscience (me thought) appeared vnto mee,
Cloth'd with good Deedes, with Trueth and Honestie,
Her countenance demure, and sober sad,
Nor any other Ornament shee had.
Then *Couetousnesse* did incounter her,
Clad in a Cassock, lyke a Vsurer,
The Cassock, it was made of poore-mens skinnies,
Lac'd here and there, with many seuerall finnes:
Nor was it furd, with any common furre;
Or if it were, himselfe hee was the *fur*.
A Bag of money, in his hande he helde,
The which with hungry eie, he still behelde.
The place wherein this vision first began,
(A spacious plaine) was cald *The Minde of Man*.

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The

The Combat, betweene

The Carle no sooner, *Conscience* had espyde,
But swelling lyke a Toade, (pust vp with pryde)
He straight began against her to inuey;
These were the wordes, which *Conetise* did sey.
Conscience (quoth hee) how dar'st thou bee so bold,
To claime the place, that I by right doe hold?
Neither by right, nor might, thou canst obtaine it:
By might (thou know'st full well) thou canst not gaine it.
The greatest Princes are my followars,
The King in Peace, the Captaine in the Warres;
The Courtier, and the simple Countrey-man:
The Iudge, the Merchant, and the Gentleman:
The learned Lawyer, and the Politician:
The skilfull Surgeon, and the fine Phyician:
In brieft, all sortes of men mee entertaine,
And hold mee, as their Soules sole Soueraigne,
And in my quarrell, they will fight and die,
Rather then I should suffer iniurie.
And as for title, interest, and right,
Ile proue its mine by that, as well as might.
Though *Conetousnesse*, were vsed long before,
Yet *Indas* Treason, made my Fame the more;
When *Christ* he caused, crucifyde to bee,
For thirtie pence, man solde his minde to mee:
And now adaies, what tenure is more free,
Then that which purchas'd is, with Gold and fee?

Con-

Conscience and Couetousnesse.

Conscience.

With patience, haue I heard thy large Complaint,
Wherein the Diuell, would be thought a Saint:
But wot ye what, the Saying is of olde?
One tale is good, vntill anothers tolde.
Truth is the right, that I must stand vpon,
(For other title, hath poore *Conscience* none)
First I will proue it, by Antiquitie,
That thou art but an vp-start, vnto mee;
Before that thou wast euer thought vpon,
The minde of Man, belongd to mee alone.
For after that the Lord, had Man Created,
And him in blisse-full Paradice had seated;
(Knowing his Nature was to vice inclynde)
God gaue me vnto man, to rule his mynde,
And as it were, his Gouvernour to bee,
To guide his minde, in Trueth, and Honestie.
And where thou sayst, that man did sell his soule;
That Argument, I quicklie can controule:
It is a fayned fable, thou doost tell,
That, which is not his owne, he cannot sell;
No man can sell his soule, altho he thought it:
Mans soule is *Christs*, for hee hath dearely bought it.
Therefore vlturping *Couetise*, be gone,
For why, the minde belongs to mee alone.

The Combat, betweene

Couetousnesse.

Alas poore *Conscience*, how thou art deceav'd?
As though of senses, thou wert quite bereau'd.
What wilt thou say (that thinkest thou canst not erre)
If I can proue my selfe the ancienter?
Though into *Adams* minde, God did infuse thee,
Before his fall, yet man did neuer vse thee.
What was it else, but *Auarice* in *Ene*,
(Thinking thereby, in greater Blisse to liue)
That made her taste, of the forbidden fruite?
Of her Desier, was not I the roote?
Did she not couet? (tempted by the Deuill)
The Apple of the Tree, of good and euill?
Before man vsed *Conscience*, she did couet:
Therefore by her Transgression, here I proue it,
That *Couetousnesse* posselt the minde of man,
Before that any *Conscience* began.

Conscience.

Euen as a counterfeited precious stone,
Seemes to bee far more rich, to looke vpon,
Then doeth the right: But when a man comes neere,
His basenesse then, doeth euident appeere:
So *Couetise*, the Reasons thou doost tell,
Seeme to be strong, but being weigh'd well,

They

Conscience and Couetousnesse:

They are indeed, but onely meere Illusions,
And doe inforce but very weake Conclusions.
When as the Lord (fore-knowing his offence)
Had giuen man a Charge, of Abstinence,
And to refraine, the fruite of good and ill :
Man had a *Conscience*, to obey his will,
And neuer would be tempted thereunto,
Vntill the Woeman, shee, did worke *man woe*.
And made him breake, the Lords Commaundement,
Which all Mankinde, did afterward repent :
So that thou seest, thy Argument is vaine,
And I am prov'd, the elder of the twaine.

Couetousnesse.

Fond Wretch, it was not *Conscience*, but feare,
That made the first man (Adam) to forbear
To tast the fruite, of the forbidden Tree,
Lest, if offending hee were found to bee,
(According as *Iehouah* saide on hye,
For his so great Transgression, hee should dye.
Feare curbd his minde, it was not *Conscience* then,
(For *Conscience* freely, rules the harts of men)
And is a godly motion of the mynde,
To euerie vertuous action inclynde,
And not enforc'd, through feare of Punishment,
But is to vertue, voluntary bent :
Then (simple Trul) be packing pressentie,
For in this place, there is no roome for thee.

The Combat, betweene

Conscience.

Aye mee, (distressed Wight) what shall I doe?
Where shall I rest? Or whither shall I goe?
Vnto the rich? (aues mee) they, doe abhor me:
Vnto the poore? (alas) they, care not for me:
Vnto the Olde-man? hee; hath mee forgot:
Vnto the Young-man? yet hee, knowes me not:
Vnto the Prince? hee; can dispence with mee:
Vnto the Magistrate? that, may not bee:
Vnto the Court? for it, I am too base:
Vnto the Countrey? there, I haue no place:
Vnto the Citty? thence, I am exile:
Vnto the Village? there; I am reuilde:
Vnto the Barre? the Lawyer there, is bribed?
Vnto the Warre? there, *Conscience* is derided:
Vnto the Temple? there; I am disguised:
Vnto the Market? there, I am despised:
Thus both the young and olde, the rich and poore,
Against mee (silly Creature) shut their doore.
Then, sith each one seekes my rebuke and shame,
Ile goe againe to Heauen (from whence I came.)

This saide (me thought) making exceeding mone,
She went her way, and left the Carle alone,
Who vaunting of his late-got victorie,
Aduaunc'd himselfe in pompe and Maiestie:
Much like a Cocke, who hauing kild his foe,
Brisks vp himselfe, and then begins to crow.
So *Conscience*, when *Conscience* was departed,

Conscience and Couetousnesse.

Gan to be proud in minde, and hauty harted:
And in a stately Chayre of state he set him,
(For *Conscience* banisht) there was none to let him,
And being but one entrie, to this Plaine,
(Whereof as king and Lord, he did remaine)
Repentance cald, he causd that to be kept,
Lest *Conscience* should returne, whilst as he slept:
Wherefore he causd it, to be wacht and warded
Both night and Day, and to be strongly guarded:
To keepe it safe, these three he did intreat,
Hardnesse of hart, with *Falshood*, and *Deceat*:
And if at any time, she chaunc'd to venter,
Hardnesse of hart, denide her still to enter.
When *Conscience* was exilde the minde of Man,
Then *Couetise*, his gouernment began.
This once being seene, what I had seene before,
(Being onely seene in sleepe) was seene no more;
For with the sorrowe, which my Soule did take
At sight hereof, foorthwith I did awake.

FINIS.